THE UNITED STATES.

A SHORT RISTORY BY PRESIDENT AN-DREWS.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By E. Ben-iamin Andrews, President of Brown University, With Maps Two Volumes, Vol. I, pp. xxvii., 29: Vol. II, pp. xiv., 3il. Charles Scribner's

The special characteristic of President Andrews's new work is the brevity and compactness with which a theme involving a vast number of details has been treated. He has let little escape his attention that is in print about the history of the United States; and yet, with the enumeration of so many separate facts, he has preserved the thread of historical continuity and the air of philosophical reflection upon his material. Not that all the facts can be made to seem indispensable to the narrative. Great numbers of them can only be given as belonging to a certain period of the history. Here the writer of a more voluminous work might have the advantage. He could enlarge upon isolated occurrences, and from actual data or from the suggestions of his own reason might show that the isolation was not real, that these forsaken incidents were properly joined to others of high import to the Nation. The first attempt at mining and smelting iron in Virginia was a trifle in itself. But in the light of what has taken place since in the way of developing the mineral resources of the country, the date has marked significance. The mere mention of it sets the reader to meditating on his own account. He may not know all the intervening steps, but he is quick enough to see the general relation between the simple primitive fact and the gigantic outcome. Hence the author's recital of facts that do not come within the lines of his main narrative never has the effect of annals or a chronicle. It suggests too many reflections to one who reads attentively. With a little consideration of paragraphs that seemingly are well separated from each other, the fancy may picture an American assemblage of the Revolutionary period, or of the picturesque era of the Forties. It may represent vividly the appearance of the men who debated over the Constitution and those who quarrelled over slavery. One little passage of this sort describes Daniel Webster as almost the last to display in public those bright gilt buttons that were in their time the glory of the dark-blue swallowtail coat. The hint helps to make the great orator a living figure in the memory. Minute observations of this sort are to be found throughout these volumes, making it, so far as they may, a work unique among the smaller histories of the United States.

The collation of these particulars does not interefere with the author's main purpose of giving the narrative of American development a logical as well as a chronological form. The adoption of the Constitution is for him the central fact in the history of the United States. Up to the time when the organic law was framed by the chosen delegates and accepted by the people, the forces of disintegration might at any time have proved strong enough to overcome all possibility of union. There was at the outset diversity of race among the primary elements at the base of the Nation. In the sixteenth century this diversity meant more than it means at the present day. A difference of language and of nationality was almost as much a cause of hatred as color was in later times. Dislikes that arose from this cause were fomented by national rivairies in Europe. A glance at a map outlining the regions claimed in America by aggressive powers of the Old World shows the obstacles that had to be overcome before Americans could cherish the thought of union. It is a necessary part of the narrative to show how national distinctions were one after another made untenable, how Swedes were taken up by the Dutch, how both were added to the growing English Colonial system, how France and Spain were gradually pressed out of a country which they never tried seriously to populate. Then there was the equally disintegrating factor of The theocracy of the earliest New-Englanders; the Catholicism of all French and Spanish countries, as well as of Maryland among the English settlements; the utter freedom of which they were willing to kill other people That was a time when a punning play on a word might stir the superstition of a nation, as when reading the story the sound of the name Drake led the Spaniards to think of the famous English freebooter as and front of diabolical heresy. A careless phrase and some foolish story-telling might start a blaze that would burn many a poor wretch to ashes-and this in effect was what happened when the fear of witches seized Cotton Mather and his like in New-England. From such beginnings it would have been difficult to anticipate that the adherents of all varieties of creed might in the course of a few generations be dwelling side by side, indifferent each to the vagaries of the rest. The bitter struggle of the tolerated Protestants against the freedom insisted on by Lord Baltimore in Maryland and the persecution of Roger Williams gave promise of trouble enough in the future. But the cloud of bigotry faded away and the most intolerant spirit of the present day must content itself with pretences in behalf of religious liberty and suspicions that somebody else is conspiring against that liberty. The diminution in the heat of religious hatred may almost be said to measure the growth in the possibilities of political unity. As the religious element has been eliminated from the great errors of politics, the bitterness also has been climinated. It would surely be difficult to infuse religious animosity into any future conflict as was done in the case of

The most picturesque and romantic side of American life, that of the struggle with the previous inhabitants of the Continent, is the one which was practically least important. This is proved by the fact that what seemed at the outset an overwhelming peril soon becomes an ordinary incident of life in a new country, then an accident to be guarded against, then a rare occurrence and finally fades from history altogether. In the early times Indian wars took an important place in the narrative; later they were barely mentioned. President Andrews passes over without mention all the modern wars with the red men, even the slaughter of Custer and his troops, the most skillful piece of fighting ever done by the Indians. These affairs, after the first successful struggles for self-preservation. meant nothing in the development of the Nation. They helped to embitter the race conflict of French and English. But they did not influence the result, which really amounted to an affirmative answer from the muzzle of the cannon and musket to the question whether a prospective nation on this Continent should have room enough in which to grow. The next question was whether it should be allowed to grow without limitation or direction from Europe, where ancient traditions hung heavily on the minds of men; and this was answered by the Revolution. The final question of the Colenial period was whether the growth should be like that of Europe in organisms that would become more and more distinct and self-centred and mutually inimical as time went on, or in one organism where geographical divisions and the prejudices of race and religion should gradually be merged in a political unity; and this was answered by the adoption of the Constitution. Unconsciously answered, as President Andrews points out; for, if the people had really comprehended the drift of the new organic law, they would probably have defeated it, so strong was the predilection for local self-government in a form closely approximating to anarchy.

The acceptance of the Constitution caused a division among the people which has lasted to the present day. On the one side of the dividing line

ally in the direction of National progress; on the impaired?" These antagonistic principles are those of the two Holst's lectures on Mirabeau are devoted to which France was undergoing—these furnish him invariably found themselves strengthening it. which unites the people and the States under the Constitution. On this point it would be useless prohibition will prevent war, if people are bent object of a great war must be separation, just as in a monarchy the object must be dynastic for war have been removed so far as experience enables them to be foreseen. Just as the subsequent prosperity reconciled opponents to the Constitution, so the vast progress since the war has made a recurrence to the old disputes impossible and has allayed all opposition to the steadily growing strength of the Union as compared with the States. President Andrews indicates some of the dangers that may follow this absorption of power by the Nation; but on the whole his view of the future is a hopeful one. "We do not of Europe itself has of late done, that the United reels under its crushing burden of national debts and military taxes, and in material resources cannot long compete with us, free from such burdens. But it is to be hoped that we shall express our superiority in the form of ideas, not of arms, and use it in elevating mankind to richer culture and a nobler life."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

SOME CURIOUS ERRORS OF HISTORY.

GLIMPSES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
Myths, Idea's and Realities. By Join G. Alger.
Pp. xv, 202. Dodd. Mead & Co.
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Tested by Mirabeau's Career. Twelve Lectures on the History of the French Revolution, delivered at the Lowell Institute. By H. Von Holst. Vol. II, pp. 264.
Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

To a considerable extent these books are both studies in the abnormal mental phenomena of the French Revolution. Mr. Alger begins with the myths which were developed by the imagination or the partisan spirit of the times. The strange thing about these parodies of history is that they are so numerous and have lasted so long. This in itself is an abnormal fact. It shows not only the revolution occurred were easily attracted by fanciful narratives, but that people of later times cherished tales endued with romantic or sengational interest. A miraculous story has been preferred occasionally to the prosale truth where the

latter should have been well known. This was the case with reference to Thomas Paine's escape from the guillotine, according to Mr. Alger, the most remark thie thing about the affair being that Paine, after telling the truth, was himself convinced by the romance. The fiction is attributed by Mr. Alger to Samson Perry. a newspaper man who left London to escape punishment for libel and claimed to have been incarcerated in the same cell with Paine in the Luxembourg up to the time of Robespierre's death. In this story people were treated to a circumstantial account of the way in which the cell doors of the condemned persons were marked with red chalk; how the door of the cell in which Paine and Perry were confined turned on a swivel so that when the turnkey came to look the red mark escaped his attention because it was now on the inside instead of the outside of the door; and how the keeper was shot by a mob before he could send the prisoners to be beheaded. Nothing could few persons were even sent to trial from the Luxembourg and that none were sent from there to the guillotine. Even Danton, he says, in whose case the haste was exceptional, though at first taken to the Luxembourg, was interrogated the next day and then sent to the Conciergerie. He ridicules the red chalk marks as a figment of a weak imagination. Possibly Perry had been Providence Piantations; the fox-hunting, to the guillotine. Even Danton, he says, in whose cock-fighting Churchmanship of Virginia, were case the haste was exceptional, though at first all such variations in faith as men of those taken to the Luxembourg, was interrogated the times were ready to die for, or, at least, those for | next day and then sent to the Conclergerie. He reading the story of All Baba and the Forty Thieves, or some other equally stimulating legend, and had thought of a variation on the the embodiment of the dragon, the very head trick by which houses are rendered indistinguishable in Oriental romances. But chalk marks were unnecessary in the Paris prisons even during the days of the Terror. The justice that was meted out to people by the wholesale was neither on the other hand had it any savor of equity. In a romance country nothing can be done without certain formalities; but if the formalities have been attended to, then anything can be done. With some rare exceptions, which prove the rule, nobody was guillotined even in the worst hours of the Terror without the pretence of a trial. The trial was necessarily preceded by a notice, and was actually emphasized by removal to the Conciergerie. The Conciergerie may not have been a legal necessity, but it became a necessary fact in the customs of the time. Now, Paine never had any notice of trial and never was taken to the Conciergerie. He was astonished at his escape when it was fresh in his mind, and attributed it to an illness, for he had already been made aware that Robespierre meant to bring him to trial-a proceeding which was equivalent to a sentence of death. All this was in 1795, and Paine seemed to take the affair as a matter of course. He evidently knew nothing of Perry, for he said that his chamber comrades were Joseph Vanheule, of Bruges; Charles Bostini, and Michael Robyns, of Louvain. Paine flattered himself. Captain Lavergne, arrested for the capitulation of Longevy, was at death's door, but that did not prevent his persecutors from hastening his exit out of the world. When his wife expressed a desire to accompany him, the court took hurried measures to fulfil her wish. In the light of such an incident, Paine's reference to his own illness seems puerile. It is

> Perry managed it so that Paine just escaped death by the destruction of Robespierre. But tion describing how the King had tried to poison Paine decided after the reflection of many years | him so as to prevent a disclosure. He earned a that the "destroying angel" had given him a pension by this falsehood, which he was careful wider margin than the day preceding the death of the green-eyed despot. He now remembered Queen. the mark on the cells of the condemned, and told how it was put on the inside of the door instead of the outside. Supposing there was such a marking of cells, it would hardly have saved Paine more than one day. But as a matter of fact, Robespierre had still three weeks to live. and doubtless looked at his memorandum for the trial of Paine every day of those weeks. The date is fixed by the removal of the prisoners from rather than surrender, that the icebound Dutch the Luxembourg (July 6) and the fall of Robespierre (July 28); the interval being punctuated by the guillotining of the Luxembourg prisoners. inflicted." Add to these that there was no at-It really took several days to accomplish the tempt to defend the Bastiles and that many anbloody task. But Painc had it all done on the day after his alleged miraculous escape. Thus, various memoirs that are now coming to light. says Mr. Alger, "Paine's version is even more and it must occur to any one that history is absurd than Perry's, for Perry dates the escape ticklish reading. But, according to Mr. Alger, on the eve of Robesplerre's fail, when twenty- there is enough of the picturesque element left. four hours' delay meant deliverance, whereas The share women had in the Revolution, the Paine, by connecting it with the Luxembourg processes of the tribunal, the condition of the batch dates it on the 6th, when a day's delay prisons and the life which the inmates led when would have been unavailing. One asks in vain death was an ever-present fact in their calculawhy Paine, after publishing at the time a true ! tions, the feather-headed Anacharsis Cloots and account of his imprisonment, gave, 'in after his polygiot delegation to the convention, the

more likely that the Americans who asked for his

release, and were rebuffed with the statement

that Paine was an English subject, still had

prestige enough to affect the mind of Robes-

Practically the whole series of Professor Ver parties which have existed under varying names clearing up a mystification and a legendary material for a series of extremely interesting ever since the Constitution was adopted. But growth. Mirabeau was immoral to a shocking though disconnected studies. when it came to administering the National Gov. degree in his youth, and this, unfortunately, is ernment, even the opponents of Nationalism have the most prominent feature in his career as remembered by the nation which in his later years Democrats in power were as efficient Federalists as he tried to benefit. Throughout all the serious the latter desired. The controversy over slavery years of his life the frivolities and scandals of BOOKS FROM AMERICAN AND ENGLISH and the Civil War that ended it settled the popu- his early years were cited by his enemies as lar conviction as to the strength of the bond proof that he could not be trusted. Even in the defence made by Professor Von Holst can be discerned a fatal lapse in the make-up of the to add words to the organic law, for no verbal great statesman. His errors have left him without proper self-poise. He is apt to say more upon it; and in a Federal organization the only than he means to say at moments when the fate of France trembles in the balance. Men will not yield to him, though they admire his genius, be- MY PRETTY JANE. By Effic A. Rowlands. With course they doubt the possibility of good faith in change; but the legal and constitutional pretexts cause they doubt the possibility of good faith in justify their distrust. He defends the revolution and hopes to preserve everything that has been gained by it; nevertheless, he agrees with the King to do what he can for the protection of such a character. Circumstances force him to King to do what he can for the protection of the monarchy. It is clear at this point that Mirabeau, like Bacon, has had to suffer from a change of ideas due largely to his own labors. Neither he nor others like him had any intention of destroying the monarchy. Nothing could have been further from his thought than the opinprophesy," says he, "as more than one voice out | ion that revolution meant republicanism. Thus, what he did for the monarchy was well within the boundary of his convictions. But to a later queror. This indeed may be. The Old World generation, even to men at the same generation who had grown up in a different environment, the two terms were convertible, and they denounced the man as a hypocrite who could think otherwise. To such people Mirabeau's conduct in accepting pay from the King for services rendered was shocking. In his own eyes the offer of the King to pay his debts and give him a monthly salary was a promotion, a frank acknowledgment of his merit and of his influence in the nation. In the eyes of others he was subsidized and converted into the tool of royalty. Here again circumstances favored his enemies. By the nature of his agreement with the Court was daily desiroying its hold upon thened; his trust in her was absolute." Yet he gave the most characteristic traits, intellectual and the people he was forced to a policy of secrecy not to her, but to other women, of frivolous mind moral, of the people. which he could not maintain. He was to per- and almost dubious morals, his confidences, because form the part of Harley. Swift and Defoe all at he felt that she was not in sympathy with his ass once. While aiming to support the King, he must do so with the arguments of the King's she be? Or how could any wholesome-minded per opponents, and he could not do this solely by selfish, so unworthy? He is savet from utter ruin writing, nor by that of his subordinates; he of body and soul only by the generous devotion of must do it by speech in the convention. He his wife. There is a lesson in the passage in which, Swift, as ironical as Defoe. Possibly he was, this genius was boundless. But he could not carry conviction to the minds of the men who must be persuaded if the Old France which Mirabeau loved was to be preserved. He could not restrain his wrath. When he was ironical his irony was too obvious When he was sarcastle his sarcasm was not read from the printed page. It fell hot from his tengue like poison from a serpent, and it blistered whomsoever it touched. Swift, as ironical as Defoe. Possibly he was, gan, she pleaded with him for better things

of his secretaries, most of whom were Swiss.

He comes to this point in a discussion of the fact that the classic writers were so much cuoted by the prates. rigidly, though perhaps annonsciously, excluded from his speeches. Mr. Alber says the Swiss were responsible for Mirals au s escape from the prevalent literary vice. They did not care for Greek and Latin, and hence they suggested no ter. fine phrases for him to use. Professor Von Holst, if he disputed this point at all, would probably say that Mirabeau dictated his speeches, that he was essentially a man shead of his times and not behind them, and that he anticipated the modern plainness of speech. For the key which he uses to unlock the secret of Mirabeau's character is that the great French statesman was a man to whom the world was overlate. Just because he was ahead of his times he spoke a language which his political contemporaries could not understand. They make No. I will not say that. No doubt in devising remedies for future lils. But he rarely succeeded in carrying out his plans. Even his friends could not see into the future as he did. His enemies found it easy to thwart him. He was obliged to work in secret, and that was unnatural to him. The result was that in the unnatural to him. The result was that in the heat of public speech he destroyed the effect of his own devices. Professor Von Holsi sustains Mirabeau's estimate of himself as, above all, a statesman. His popular reputation is that of an orator. But suppress would but have employed. that of Jedborough nor that of Kentucky, nor statesman. His popular reputation is that of an orator. But eloquence would not have enabled him to foretell with almost divine certainty the successive steps from the Revolution to the despotism of Bonaparte. Tradition, which exaggerates the qualities of many a man, has lessened those of the man whom Professor Von Holst calls the greatest son of France in the greatest period

of her history. Mr. Alger has collected a number of myths and has carefully shown that they cannot be true, in spite of the fact that they have been repeated for nearly one hundred years by numerous writers of every degree of credit. For example, Cazotte, a royalist, has been credited with a prophetic vision in which he announced the fate of various persons who were afterward behealed, including the Queen of France. The vision was said to belong to the year 1788, but it became public in a writing of Laharpe. At the foot of the manuscript there was an acknowledgment that it was a pure invention of Laharpe himself. Nevertheless, the story was accepted for years, even by men who, like Louis Blanc, could not think of believing the Hebrew prophets. Another attractive legend was to the effect that when the Marquis de Sombreuil, Governor of the Hôtel des Invalides, was obtu to be killed by a mob his life was eaved by his daughter, who drank from a glass filled with human blood. The effort to trace this story to its origin led to the discovery that the young lady drank a glass of water into which a drop of blood had failen from the hand of the man who gave it to her. One of the most dastardly characters of the Revolutionary period was the locksmith Gamain. He had helped Louis XVI, who was himself an expert locksmith, in the construction of a secret But seven years later Paine forgot all about cabinet. After the King was in prison he re his illness, and improved on Perry's fiction, vealed the secret, and subsequently ornamented his narrative with a thoroughly mediaeval ficnot to tell before the death of the King and

Another incident, and that a famous one, was that of the last supper of the Girondins. It was celebrated in poetic prose by Lamartine and on canvas by Paul Delaroche, But Mr. Alger stamps it as fiction. He adds proofs that "no leather was made out of human skins, that no Englishman plied the September assassins with drink, that the Vengeur crew did not perish and tragic fleet was not captured, and that Robespierre's wound was not the work of Merda, but was selfother popular tale has been discredited by the are those who maintain more or less strenuously years, this utterly untrue account. Was he sterility, mental and physical, of the generation

that the Constitution should be interpreted liber- under some hallucination, or were his facultier that sprang directly out of the Revolutionary obliquity in the people agitated by the changes

CURRENT FICTION.

THE GOLDEN HOUSE. A Novel. By Charles Dudley Warner. Illustrated by W. T. Smelley. 8vo, pp. 346. Harper & Brothers.
AT THE GATE OF SAMARIA. A Novel. By William John Locke. D. Appleton & Co.

THE PURPLE LIGHT OF LOVE. By Henry G. McVickar. D. Appleton & Co.

Portrait. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE SPELL OF URSULA. By Effic A. Rowlands.
J. R. Lippincott Company.

There is not much plot in Mr. Warner's novel. There are no "strong situations," no dramatic scenes. But there are in this book living men and women, who are moved by human passions, great and small; men and women who are types actual men and women who make up the multitudes of dwellers upon Manhattan to-day. There are deeds such as are done and scenes such as are witpessed every day and every night in this very city There is the very atmosphere of Fifth-ave., of Wall Mr. Warner is not content Street, of Rivington-et. with writing veracious chronicles and painting lifelike pictures. He touches the moral and philosophic side of the subject, too; not obtrusively por after the manner of a prosy preacher, but deftly and to unfailing purpose. His unheroic hero is "a young man who proposed to himself a career of getting money by adroit management and spending it in pure and simple self-indulgence. . . You could scarcely dignify his character by saying that he had an alm, except to saunter through life with as lit-Le personal inconvenience as possible." He was supremely selfish, but "his selfishness was boneless." He was married to a charming woman, of high mind and noble ambition. "His respect for her was undoubted; his love for her was unquesson be in sympathy with a career so vacuous, so eded to be us shifty as Harley, as sharp as early in his career and before his actual ruin be-

a wite to goes to school to his wife. The the claush, the goes to school to his wife. It has possible that the politics. You wouldn't like to see me in that "I rather think, Jack"—she epoke musingly—"if I were a man I should go into politics. "You would have thee company. "But it's the noblest career—government, legislation, trying to do something to make the world better Jack, I don't see how the men of New York can stand it to be governed by the very worst elecan stand it to be governed by the very worst elecan stand in the care of the ca

"My dear, you have no make it. What is the good of young men of leisure if they don't do anything for the country? Too fine to do what Hamilton did and Jay did! I wish you could have heard my father talk about it. Abdicate your birthright for a

mist."

"Mr. Morgan said that the trouble with governing and legislation now in the United States is that everybody is supericially educated, and that the people are putting their superficial knowledge into laws, and that we are going to have a nice time with all these wild theories and crudities on the statute books. And then educated people say that politics is so corrupt and absurd that they cannot have anything to do with it.

souls who toll among them for their good. Two of the latter are among the most vital and sympathetic personages in the whole book-the brave oung woman doctor, and the rapi, ascetic priest.

still young, Clytle Davenant wearled of her English country home, "Durlleham, with its soullesaness, its stagnation, its prim formulas." She had artistic tastes, and yielded to the temptation to smuggle ondemned books into the house and to read them surreptitiously. It was not unnatural that such a type of the young, fearless womanhood of the day ould acquire the nahit of holding her head back. with the chin pointing upward, free of the throat for the attitude emphasizes the girl's determination to solve the "riddle of life" in her own way. It was just as natural, too, that at last she should break the chains which bound her to Durdleham and seek freedom from its stiff conventionalities in the art life of London. Her fate was the usual one which men seem prone to inflict upon the emanci-pated woman in fiction. If she had not met Hammerdike, who appealed to the romantic and imaginative side of her nature, but who was at heart at utterly worthless fellow, of abundant physical prow ess, but devoid alike of moral courage and of charmight have attended the girl's attempt to solve the mystery of life. Her experience was indeed sad and blitter, both as a wife and as a mother. The story is told with ease and fluency.

There is something frank and artlessly winning about "The Purple Light of Love." The author, Henry G. McVickar, disarms much of the criticism might be aimed at his heroine (a pretty widow without the impediment of a conscience), as as at several of his other personages by confessing openly that the social strata in which they movconsist of "the under curst of society and the upper crust of Bohemia." One is therefore not at all surprised to learn that, although this gay young widow, Mrs. Rosalle Barnard, la her guest at her house party at Newport, Mrs. Worcester knows very little about her real character, or, for that matter, about the character of Overman, whom she had invited to Join the party at Mrs. Barnard's suggestion. The truth soon appears that neither one of this precious pair has sufficient character to survive the most superficial inquiry, which is perhaps a sufficient excase for their bostess's ignorance. The infatuation origin and of religious training, for this siren, is described in details that are afternately amusing

and of "The Spell of Ursula." oughly

lovable as well as disagreeable people. Mr. Frank Barrett has gone into the realm

of the fenciful for the material for his last story. "The Justification of Andrew Lebrun." The experiment of mixing the supernatural and the real is sometimes, as in the case of "Frankenstein." strikingly successful. But a result far less artistic is generally attained by a writer whose imagination and dramatic sense are less vivid than Mrs. Shelley's. It was an odd concelt of Mr. Barrett to bring to life, through the instrumentality clockmaker, who is also something of a chemist, a young man who had been "put to sleep" in the laboratory in the rear of an old London house a hundred years ago. The difficulty which Mr. Som-erset experiences in adjusting himself after this long interval to the peculiarities of our civilization, imparts an element of comedy to the story, which soon, however, acquires a tragic tone consequent upon the marriage of this revived eighteenth century gallant to one of the clockmaker's pretty daughters. It is impossible, however, to look upon the story as other than an ingenious, but by no means convincing, piece of elaborate which becomes finally melodramatic. Notwithstanding his extraordinary origin, no air of mys tery or of supernaturalism surrounds Somerset, who, in truth, turns out to be such a prosale in dividual that the reader is unable to take him at

A full length portrait of an English labor leader of the John Burns type may be studied in "An Agitator," with all the accompaniments of strikes, political revolutions and the other social disturbces which characterize the radical campaign against capital. The book is one that will have a certain degree of interest for the student of current social phenomena as they are making their appearance ir England. The sketches of New-England scenes and character in "A Hilltop Summer" test the fidelity with which Alyn Yates Keith has studied her subjects. It is rather curious above all to note here and there evidences of a survival of the old Puritanic reverence for the minister and his office which has been represented in recent years as having almost entirely died out in New-England. This appears from the fact that it jarred on Mrs. Hopton's feelings not a little to have the minister "throw himself down on the grass under the crocked apple-trees as if he had been but a common man," and also from Aunt Tishy's groan after the fire destroyed the meeting-house. "What shall we do? Hymn books all gone-nothing left but a heap of ashes, and Sunday coming!" Slight as these sketches are, they bring into light some of

LITERARY NOTES.

People do not need to be told at this late day of an instance of just and honorable dealing on the part of the Harpers, for that fine old firm has long been noted for its high-minded treatment of authors. All the same, it is pleasant to record the fact that though Mr. Du Maurier sold to them outright, and for a large sum, the American rights of "Trilby," they have informed him that beginning with the new year he will receive a royalty on every copy of the novel sold in this country. The exceptional sale of "Trilby" has also enhanced that of "Peter Ibbetson," and Mr. Du Maurier will receive the same royalty on the latter book. This royalty, by-the-way, is a particularly

It may be added that in negotiating for both of Mr. Du Maurier's novels the publishers desired to put the book sales on a royalty basis, but the author preferred to take a good round sum down for The just and manly course of the publishers will be remembered with admiration as long as the name of Harper survives.

Those who delighted in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and most readers of taste did delight in that itvely story-will be glad to learn that Mr. Hope

ans into such Wagner mysteries as are at this time closed to all but his own hypersensitive vision! It is a touching prospect. No doubt there will be many devotees at the feet of this fantas tical missionary. But it is to be hoped that he will be treated as he deserves by the public in general and not received with the silly adulation that attended M. Bourget's futile footsteps in so many directions. Mendes has written a few tales which will bear reading, but his work in the main has been of a sort to sicken rather than delight. He has carried the morbid triffing of the decadents to the last ditch, and there has wallowed along with Huysmans and their kind in waters muddle than Zola's own. What would be best for Mendes to do in America would be to go about with his wife acting as her agent and transferring to her married Judith Gautler, bearer of a name already famous, which she has herself enriched with the an honorable celebrity. Madame Mendes writes charmingly, and she must have a rich fund of material for talks concerning her father and other rare romantics. In these the public could be interested.

Mr. W. E. Henley, as Editor of "The New Review," says that he won't have any hard-and-fast scheme of editing. He

give Llustrations, but f he comes across any thing worth reproduc ing, he won't hesitate to use it. If nobody sends him good verses he won't publish anyand this is a particularly laudable resolution, and one which other editors might profitably live up to. Also, if there is no new

Mr. Kipling, we hear, has left his country home ong enough to pay a visit to Professor Norton, at Cambridge. Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book," by-theway, has come to high honor as one of the paratively few books published for the blind. It is good to know that so much delight is coming to

The eldest daughter of the late John Boyle O'Rellly has developed literary abilities. She has lately appeared under the prosaic little name of "Jane Smiley" as the author of some clever short

Some interesting glimpses of Mr. Froude at home are presented in an article written by the Mrs. Ireland and published in "The Contempo-On the occasion Mrs. Ireland's host gave her "a curious account of the first time he had met Swinburne-at a dinner, where Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Lord Houghton, and other literary men were present. Swinburne must have been lit tle more than a boy at the time.

'After dinner, suddenly the door opened, and a little figure appeared-a 'boy-man'-and, bounding past the guests, stood upon an ottoman, so that he could well be seen.

"The lad began spouting some of his most outrageous poems,' said Froude, 'some of his very And the narrator smiled bitterly, continuing: 'We all sat in amazement till he finished, n Ruskin, making h's way through the company, hurried up, and took Swinburne fairly in his arms, saying, 'How beautiful! how divinely beau-

"Swinburne, it will be remembered, was, at this time, little more than a boy.'

Froude's treatment of a group of lion-hunters is amusingly described by Mrs. Ireland. "At a sudden turn in the winding path we came on a party of six or seven pedestrians, ladies and gentlemen headed by a lady, who, introducing her friends and her husband expressed much disappointment at finding Mr. Froude bound for a walk, and not 'at home' that particular afternoon. You see, said she, when one has friends down

from town, one has but two attractions to offerthe fine scenery and a call on Mr. Froude."

This speech was perhaps not altogether a wise one. But the company had driven some miles, and left their carriage at -, and then walked some miles, and now found themselves within twendoubtless literary people, too, an Oxford professor or so, and a recently returned Indian warrior, the names only heard by me and now forgotten. But Froude could not be 'lionized.' He was not a man to 'show his paces.' He responded with perfect courtesy to the appeals made to him, and said

quietly:
"It's rather unfortunate, but I wish to open

an abundance of incident, and has portrayed some this part of the country to my friend, Mrs. --, and I must go a little further round the Point;

but my daughter will be delighted to go back with you to the Molt.' And raising his cap, he made nis adieux. "I had stood back, and now wondered if I should say, 'Pray don't consider me in the matte instinct told me that such a speech would be

ridiculous, and would expose me to a sharp and

well-deserved 'snub.' It was not I, essentially not I, who was being considered. Mr. Froude did not choose to be forced to entertain his friends triends. And he was right. So I held my peace, We walked along with very little conversation, But, on our return, the whole party were scated on the lawn, and footmen were bringing out afternoon tea, fruit, etc. The visit was not a long No one can find fault with the intrinsic value of the major fiction which the magazines are printing just now, yet it awakens reflections as to the condition of the American novel. Is that production languishing through inherent weakness or is it being edged out by its English competitor? in "The Century," Mr. Crawford is printing his 'Casa Braccio," but that is not based on the

American life which ought to make the typical American novel; and the only other native writer of fiction who is bringing forward an important serial just now is Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, in "The Atlantic." Mr. Meredith's "Amasing Marriage" has the place of honor in "Scribner's," and Mr. Hardy supplies the chief story for "Harper's" during the present year. The most noticeable fiction, in short, seems to be coming from English pens, leaving aside of course the ever interesting short story. This is a great pity, Mr. Howells, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. Cable and the rest of them are hard at work, but somehow the great American novel doesn't seem itself written; and as for pure romance, there is nobody in sight on this side the water with any such gift as Stevenson's or Stanley Weyman's,

Volume to accompany his edition of Chaucer. This is to contain the "Testament of Love" (in prose) and the chief poems which have at various times been attributed to Chaucer and published with his genuine works in old editions. The volume will be complete in itself, with an introduction, notes and glossary.

A new periodical for art and literature has just been commenced in Rome. It is called "Il Convito." and is to appear every month during the year 1896. Then, apparently, it is to cease, leaving the works of its contributors enshrined in one complete and perfect volume. Every care is to be taken to make the book a typographical and mechanical success, and as for the contents their quality may be inferred from the fact that Giosue Carducci heads the list of writers whose services have been secured. Paolo Michetti, Giuseppe Cellini, Eugene Benson, the American, and young Mariano Fortuny are among those who will provide illustra-trations. Judging from the artistic prospectus which has been issued the magazine will present a most attractive appearance.

The forthcoming edition of Defoe's works will be in sixteen volumes, and will include all his nowels and some excerpts from his shorter writings. "Robinson Crusoe" is coming out in London this month. It is to occupy three volumes of the sixteen

There could hardly be a better description of Robert Louis Stevenson than this, framed by his friend Henley: Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably. Neat-footed and weak-fingered; in his face-Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched

Neat-footed and weak-ingered; in his facelean, large-boned, curved of beak, and tous
with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
of passion, impudence and energy,
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Huffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist.

"Treasure Island" leads the procession of Stee enson's books in Great Britain. It is in its fifty-second thousand. "Kidnapped" comes next with its thirty-ninth thousand.

Some personal reminiscences of Balzac, gathered from his friend Gavarni by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, were recalled by the latter the other evening. "Balzac," said Gavarni, "though so witty in his writings, was bete in society. He wrote such long hours at a time that he was almost incapable of speech afterward. Like other authors, he dragged himself unwillingly to work, but when once at his desk would go on for hours at a time-sometimes many as fifteen."

"A History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century" has been written by Professor F. M. Warren, of Adelbert College, and will soon be published by Henry Holt & Co.

Captain Charles King has written, it is sald, a novel which is to be called "The Story of Fort Frayne."

The not particularly successful novel called "A Drama in Dutch" is understood to be the work of Louis Zangwill, a younger brother of the I. Zangwill already known to the readers of the period.

That John Oliver Hobbes is the best writer of the new set of cynics is, the conviction of the cleverest critic of "The Saturday Review." But, for all that, he does not find her work to be of very high quality. "The immortal irony of Cervantes," he says, "was suffused with love and plty, and it is for this reason that 'Don Quixote' remains one of the Bibles of humanity. But the narrow, feminine contempt for the disagreeableness of people, which is like the fashionable woman's contempt for the people who are not in her set, is, in art, as it is in life, a sterilizing quality, amusing and sufficient, indeed, for one's 'afternoons,' but, however amusing, not quite adequate for the finer kind of literature. To see life steadily, and see it whole,' remains, above all things, the duty of the creative artist. To see character through epigrams is a form of literary preparation which is not likely to lead far on the road

After "The Red Cockade" is finished there will be no more Weyman fiction for many a day, for that hard-working author has wisely determined to take a year's rest.

Probably no other poet ever started out in life quite so ignorant as the Ettrick shepherd. late venerable Dr. Russell, of Yarrow, says, in his recently published volume of reminiscences, that when Hogg contemplated appearing before the public as an author, writing out his songs was a more serious affair than a race or a wrestling match. "He first stripped off his coat and vest; yet, notwithstanding, his wrist took the cramp, so that he rarely could make out more than sis lines at a sitting."

Among Mr. Ruskin's treasures at one time were the original manuscripts of three of Scott's novels. An old college friend quotes the owner as saying that Scott was the only novelist who told a story for the pure love of story-telling, without any purattacking an abuse, ventilating a grievance, or airing a theory. He was enthusiastic for Scott's heroines, especially for Di Vernon. The only trouble, he said, was that he wanted to marry her himself.

A glimpse of Ruskin's whimsicality is to be found in this friend's reminiscences. "One morning." ht notes, "as we were coming out of chapel; he said to us, 'I ought not to have come to chapel this We asked him, in some astonishment, why. He said, 'I am going to write a critique or -'s picture in the Academy, and I want to be in a perfectly diabolical temper."

Frederick York Powell, who has succeeded Froude as Regius Professor of History at Oxford, took in his youth no particular university honors, but he remained at Oxford coaching and writing and gradually became one of the most useful mer at the university. He has more than once acted as deputy to Professor Freeman.

It was thought Mr. S. R. Gardiner was the 'properest person" to be Froude's successor, but # is now understood that he was unwilling to accept a post that might interfere with his life-long devetion to the history of the Stuart period.

The bulky and erudite "Renaissance in Italy," which the late John Addington Symonds gave to the world, cost that writer the hard work of elever years and a large amount of money spent in trave, is interesting to note that the profit he derived from it averaged. penses were deducted, only about \$250 & year for the eleven years.

A HILLTOP SUMMER. By Alyn Yates Keith. Illustrated, Lee & Shepard.

vears of study."

There was Armstrong." Edith suggested, "who studied law after he was married.

That it looks exit of slily for a fellow who has a wife to go to school, unless, said Jack, whin a laugh, he goes to school to his wife. Then there's politics. You wouldn't like to see me in that "I rather think, Jack"—she epoke musingly—"if I (Hawkins) is writing a sequel to it.

dear, you have no tites what practical poli-

or in hand?"

Or a yacht" suggested fack.

Well, I don't see why a man cannot own a yacht.

The author describes with equal skill the unhappy denizens of the gast Side, and the self-succificing

Another of the army of emancipated women, a hater of conventional formulas, a restless seeker after the mysteries of life, appears in the heroine of "At the Gate of Samarla," by W. J. Locke. While

Two stories by Effie Adelaide Rowlands have some

characteristics in common. One of these is the unconventional openings of both "My Pretty Jane" Grant per Cynthia Denistoun is an amiable young woman, a'though at the outset of these stories of the sex, are desperately in love with them. But the young women are ambitious and workly and hard-hearted, and prefer men with titles, in the one instance, Cynthia's rejected lover finds mate in her step-daughter, "my pretty Jane," as she is called; and in the other Ursula wins a title which brings much misery with it. It is not often that one finas in fiction a heroine in whom are united such personal charms and such a thoronged to Ursula Grant. Miss Rowlands has teld both stories with considerable vivacity and with

selfish, unsympathetic character as be-

So Monsieur Catulle Mendes is to induct Ameri-

whatever lecture engagements he might secure. He

the literature of the month will not be criticised. and if there is no notable drama there will be no dearantle editioism.

those who need it so sorely.